VOL. I.—No. 11. MANCHESTER, Saturday, October 3, 1868. Price One Penny.

"So, so;—well done! well done!"
CYMBELINE.

When feeling neither hot nor cold,
When reigns the frost or rules the sun,
We proudly Gee's rare hat behold,
And often cry "well done, well done!"
How soft it feels! how well it fits!
We joy that art so much has won,
And as upon the head it sits,
Gaily we cry "well done, well done!"

JAMES GEE, FASHIONABLE HATTER,
19, MARKET STREET.
The Largest Establishment in Manchester.
Sole Agent for Woodrow's Patent Prize Medal Hats, Ladies' Riding, Gentlemen's Hunting and Fishing Hats, Deerstalkers, &c.; Walking, Dress and Sword Sticks, Knapsacks, Portmanteaus, Valise, Racecourse Bags, &c Macintoshes, Umbrellas, &c. The Stethoscope Holder for the Hat. Le Conformateur used at this establishment.

ESTABLISHED 70 YEARS.

RICHARDSON, ROEBUCK, & Co.,
(Purveyors to Her Majesty, by appointment, dated March 15th, 1842,)
OFFER THE FINEST BLACK TEA AT
3/6 per lb.
GOOD USEFUL TEA AT
2/6 and 3/- per lb.
1, MARKET PLACE, MANCHESTER.
REVISED LIST OF PRICES ON APPLICATION.
JOHN BLAKELEY, PROPRIETOR.

AN OBJECTION AND A RECOMMENDATION.

A little child having resolutely refused during a whole morning to say the letter A, his teacher at length took him on his knees, and in a persuasive voice, said, "My little friend, why is it, now, that you refuse to say the letter A?" The child wept, and the question had to be again and again repeated before he replied—"Because I kow very well that as soon as I have said A, I shall have to say B." Now, we ourselves have been similarly situated, and, indeed, to some extent, we are so still—all of us. But we have the sense to appreciate the good that the A's and B's will do us. If we go, for instance, to Kennedy and Co., 101, Bridge Street, Manchester, for our Boots and Shoes, we may feel quite sure that we shall have to go again. If you buy a pair of splendid Spring Side Boots there for 5s. 6d., depend upon it your wife will also want a pair, especially when she knows that hers will cost but 5s. 6d. Let the ladies take the hint—let them send their husbands to Kennedy & Co's, and if after that they cannot get a pair for themselves— "SERVE THEM RIGHT."

And if he stand on hostage for "this safety," let him demand what pledge will please him best.—*Shakespere.*

BELLHOUSE'S PATENT SAFETY APPARATUS for Hoists and Colliery Cages. Price £10. One month's Trial.
SOLE AGENT—
JOHN WHITFIELD HARLAND, 9, CHAPEL WALKS, Manchester.

PIANO-FORTES
BY ALL THE LEADING MAKERS,
FOR
SALE, HIRE, EXCHANGE,
LET ON THE TWO YEARS SYSTEM.
LOCKE, Manufacturer,
34, Great Ducie Street, Strangeways.

"WHEN SEEN MAKE A NOTE OF."

HEWITT'S
Black Satara Suits, 3 guineas.

HEWITT'S
Super Black Suits, 3½ guineas.
The above are very exceptional, and unparalleled in the history of Tailoring.

HEWITT'S
Super Black Suits, 4 guineas.
Excellent value.

HEWITT'S
Business Suits, 3 guineas, and 3½ guineas.

HEWITT'S
15/-, 17/-, 19/-, and 21/- Trousers.

HEWITT'S
21/-, 25/-, 27/6, 30/-, & 31/6
Aquascutum or Waterproof Overcoat, in Tweed or Melton Cloth, ready for immediate wear.

TERMS—
Manchester Parcels, Cash on Delivery.
Pre-payment required when Goods are sent out of Manchester.

J. M. HEWITT,
TAILOR,
72, MARKET STREET,
MANCHESTER.

J. MC. DONOUGH'S
HAIRSEATING, HORSE HAIR, AND FEATHER MANUFACTORY,
HANOVER WORKS, RIGA STREET, SHUDEHILL, MANCHESTER.

CURLED HAIR, HAIRSEATING, UPHOLSTERERS' TRIMMINGS, MOROCCO & ROAN SKINS, &c., &c.
NEW FEATHERS FOR BEDS.

OLD FEATHERS DRESSED AND PURIFIED.

FORSTA PRIS, STOCKHOLM,
August, 1868.
The First Prize,—LARGE SILVER MEDAL AND 10 GOLD DUCATS,—was awarded by the Judges, and presented by His Majesty the King of Sweden and Norway, to the Patentees for the
"VOWEL" WASHING MACHINE.
Also awarded thirteen other Prizes this year.
THOMAS BRADFORD & Co., Cathedral Steps, Manchester; 63, Fleet-street, London; Dublin and Paris.

15, Piccadilly. RIGBY & SON. Established upwards of a quarter of a century.
GAS CHANDELIERS, from 11s. 9d.

15, Piccadilly. RIGBY & SON. TEA URNS & WATER FILTERS.

15, Piccadilly. RIGBY & SON. LUSTRES & BOHEMIAN GLASS.

15, Piccadilly. RIGBY & SON, FURNISH and FIT-UP the Cot, the Mansion, Church, and Chapel, with neatness and cheapness.

15, Piccadilly. RIGBY & SON. Estimates free. Experienced workmen sent to all parts of town and country.
N.B.—A visit to the Showrooms is respectfully solicited.

TAKE A CARD. ROYSE'S PATENT VENTILATING, EASY FITTING, SUMMER HATS. HALF WAY UP OLDHAM STREET.

H. R. FREEBORN (LATE OF THE ARCADE), HAS NOW OPENED HIS NEW PREMISES, Commercial Buildings, Cross Street.

BOOKS, &c.

Every Saturday, price One Penny.

THE SPHINX: a Journal of Criticism and Humour.

The *Sphinx* circulates in Lancashire, North Cheshire and the West Riding of Yorkshire, and copies are forwarded by post to all parts of the United Kingdom. It contains Descriptive Papers, Humorous Sketches, Criticisms on Local Art, Music, the Drama, and Literature; Occasional Articles on Public Men, Popular Preachers and Religious Movements; and Comments on Society and Passing Events.

The *Sphinx* is printed in new type, and is published every Saturday morning, price One Penny. Circulating among all classes, and especially in cultivated and influential circles, it is a publication of great value to Advertisers. The terms for Advertisements are—for two lines one shilling; each additional line fourpence.

(*From Church Opinion, September 5th.*)

We are much pleased with the *Sphinx*, and wish it every success. It is very cheap, only one penny, and is also very good. It contains articles on local and on general subjects, and is unlike any periodical we have in London. There is nothing sensational, slangy, or vulgar about it. The articles are well written, clever, and amusing. We have marked some for insertion in our pages that our readers may participate in the pleasure we have felt.

PART THE FIRST, containing ten numbers, price Elevenpence, is now ready. Principal Contents:—

DESCRIPTIVE PAPERS:—
The Forest of Rossendale. By Edwin Waugh.
Soldiers' Life in Manchester.
Bowdon and the Bowdon Railway.
On the Rialto; or Sketches on 'Change.
Swimming and the Races at Belle Vue.
Sea Weeds from the Coast of Antrim. By Edwin Waugh
The Schiller-Anstalt.
Ben Langs.
The Manchester Shoddy Exchange.
Manchester Banks: Heywood's; The Union.
At the Moorfield Gardens.
The Grammar School at the Universities.

ART, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA:—
The Haymarket Company in Manchester.
Buckstone & Co.
Mr. Sothern as the Hero of Romance.
Patti's Last Appearance.
London Critics on Manchester Artists
The Pictures at the Royal Institution.

NOTES ON THE LONDON PAPERS:—
1. The *Times*.
2. The *Daily Telegraph*.
3. The *Standard*.
4. The *Pall Mall Gazette*.

RHYMES, SONGS, AND BALLADS:—
Mrs. Grundy on the Hot Weather.
The Cup and the Lip: a Wimbledon Ballad.
Gee's Puffer Out-Puffed.
The Grand Duchess at the Royal.
He would be an Athlete.
The Old Church Bell Ringer.
Beautiful Star.
Not for Joseph: a Lay for a Town Clerk.
Rain at Last.
A Rhyme from Llandudno.
A Stretford Road Ode.
An Enigma by the Sphinx.

THE CHURCHES AND PREACHERS:—
Curates and Rectors.
A Revivalist Camp Meeting at Hollingworth Lake.
Birch Church and its Rector (Canon Anson).
The Free Church of England in Manchester.
History of the Free Church of England. By the President Bishop.
A Strange Preacher (the Rev. Peter Mackenzie).
The Rev. T. G. Lee.
Children and Sermons.
Twenty Minutes with Iconoclast.

MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS:—
A Bit of Local Natural History.
Mr. Councillor Semitery, a Hoff.
Model Wives.
Phrenology Fowler.
A Smigbrook Meeting on the State of Trade.
Hats and their Wearers.
The Mayor and Many Friends.
My Debut as a Sportsman.
The General Election Races.
Mr. Tennyson and the Groom.
Peter Skelton's Political Creed.
Topers.
The St. Leger.

MANCHESTER: Published by John Heywood, 141 and 143, Deansgate, by whom advertisements and orders for copies will be received, and to whose care communications for the Editor may be addressed.

AGENTS WANTED

5/- 6/6

No. Parties Per Day.	RETAIL PRICES:
1, 9 galls.	8s. 6d.
2, 15 „	12s. 6d.
3, 30 „	18s. 6d.
4, 45 „	22s. 6d.
5, 60 „	28s. 6d.

Warranted for Twelve Months.
1s. 6d. CHARGED ON EACH FILTER FOR PACKING, WHEN SENT BY RAIL.

ROBERT WILSON'S
WATER FILTERS
Are made entirely of pure carbon, and will effectually Purify River, Rain, Pond, or Canal Water, making the most impure wholesome and sweet, and entirely remove all poisonous salts of lead, colour, taste, or odour arising from the decomposition of organic matter; are self-acting, and cannot become choked.
Post Office order or reference must accompany order.
ROBERT WILSON,
2, PARSONAGE, MANCHESTER,
Opposite St. Mary's Churchyard.

CLAYTON'S CREAMADORO
IS the only reliable preparation for restoring grey hair to its original colour and effectually curing baldness. In addition to hundreds of testimonials from medical men in all parts of the kingdom, Dr. Muspratt, of the College of Chemistry, has kindly forwarded the following:—
"I have carefully analised Clayton's Creamadoro for restoring the human hair. Its stimulating and cleansing properties are excellent. SHERIDAN MUSPRATT, M.D., F.R.S., &c."
Agents:—London, Butler and Crish; Edinburgh, Liverpool, York, Raimes and Co.; Manchester, Woolley, Market-street, and John Heywood, Deansgate, and all respectable chemists.

MRS. and Misses TURNER'S ASSEMBLIES, every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, at eight. Teaching at 6 30. Schools and families attended. Private lessons any hour in the day. Balls and parties, with piano, violin, and flageolet.—123, Grosvenor-street, All Saints'

DANCING and EXERCISES.—MR. BRADSHAW'S ACADEMY, Brunswick Street, Oxford Road. Ladies and Juveniles, Wednesday and Saturday Afternoons. Adult Evening Classes. Private Lessons, &c. Schools attended.

VENETIAN BLINDS, with the latest improvements, and at the cheapest rate, at G. TAYLOR'S,
5, Water-street, Albert Bridge, Manchester.
Blinds Repainted and Taped on the shortest notice.

WEAVER'S Irish Whisky, 7 years' old. Sample bottles at wholesale prices.—73, Brook-street, Grosvenor-street.

THE PUBLIC MAY ALWAYS DEPEND UPON GETTING GOOD TEA AT MODERATE PRICES AT THE
TEA ESTABLISHMENT,
53, PICCADILLY, which is opposite the end of PORTLAND STREET; or at the one
147, OLDHAM STREET,
which is the corner of SWAN STREET, Ancoats.
WILLIAM SATTERTHWAITE,
TEA MERCHANT, PROPRIETOR.
THE PUREST MANUFACTURED COCOA IS "SATTERTHWAITE'S GENUINE TRINDAD."

WM. CARVER'S PRIZE MEDAL LOCK STITCH SEWING MACHINES.—For all kinds of manufacturing and domestic purposes. Manufactory and Show Rooms, PARK WORKS, PARK-STREET, CHEETHAM HILL ROAD, NEAR DUCIE BRIDGE.

JOSEPH TAYLOR & CO.
AUCTIONEERS,
ACCOUNTANTS, VALUERS, ESTATE AND GENERAL BUSINESS AGENTS,
17, CROSS STREET, MANCHESTER,
AND CENTRAL BUILDINGS, DEWSBURY.

G. GRADWELL'S
ANGLERS', CRICKETERS', CROQUET, ARCHERY, TOY, AND CUTLERY DEPOT,
39, CORPORATION STREET.

PUBLIC NOTICE.
THE GREAT CLEARANCE SALE
BY PRIVATE CONTRACT,
AT BEECH'S GLASS AND CHINA WAREHOUSE,
63A STRETFORD ROAD,
CONSISTING OF
CHINA, TEA, AND BREAKFAST SERVICES,
DINNER SERVICES,
TOILET SERVICES;
FRENCH BRONZES, AND MARBLE TIMEPIECES,
IN SUITS FOR DINING ROOMS;
GILT TIMEPIECES, LUSTRES;
FRENCH AND ENGLISH STATUARY
OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.
Immense Stock of Fine Cut Table Glass, and all kinds of Kitchen Ware.
Everything Reduced on account of the depression in trade.
GEORGE BEECH, PROPRIETOR,
63A STRETFORD ROAD.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1862.
WM. SUMMERSCALES & SONS,
MANUFACTURERS OF
PATENT WASHING,
WRINGING AND MANGLING MACHINES,
33, CORPORATION STREET,
Manchester.
REPRESENTED BY MR. J. WHITFIELD.
The largely increasing demand for the machines of this firm, sufficiently proves that they recommend themselves. Monthly sale upwards of 1,200, and gradually increasing. Particular attention called to their Dash Wheel Machines of all sizes. These Machines obtained the Prize Medal from the Commissioners of the Great Exhibition of 1862. Such is their efficiency that they meet with unqualified praise wherever sent. Servants get through their washing in half the time formerly occupied, besides a very great saving in soap, fuel and labour.

LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS,
AS made by us for the British Government, the Mint of Hong Kong, the Butterley Company, Sir F. Crossley, M.P.; Sir W. Armstrong, North of England Wagon Company, Southport Pier, Hotel Company, &c., &c. We either send man to fix, or supply the requisite materials.
J. BAILEY & CO., ALBION WORKS,
ESSEX-STREET, SALFORD.

ESTABLISHED HALF A CENTURY.
RICHARDSON & SONS, dealers and retailers in Foreign Wines and Spirits, 105, 106, 107, Deansgate, and 6, South King-street.
Sample bottles at wholesale prices.

NEW STATIONERY ESTABLISHMENT,

84, MARKET STREET,

(FIVE DOORS FROM SPRING GARDENS,)

MANCHESTER.

WORKS, 35, SPRING GARDENS.

SAMUEL M. STRONG,

ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURER,

ENGRAVER, LITHOGRAPHER, LETTER-PRESS PRINTER,

AND COMMERCIAL STATIONER.

THE ABOVE ESTABLISHMENT HAS BEEN OPENED WITH A WELL-ASSORTED STOCK OF

ACCOUNT BOOKS,

OF THE CURRENT PATTERNS, IN VARIOUS QUALITIES, INCLUDING

GUARD BOOKS, DEPARTMENT BOOKS, WITH THICK AND THIN LEAVES FOR CARBONIC PAPERS;

Letter Copying Books, &c.;

INLAND AND FOREIGN WRITING PAPERS AND ENVELOPES;

WHITE, BUFF, LILAC, PINK, &c., BLOTTINGS;

COPYING MACHINES AND STANDS;

MORDAN'S PENCILS AND GOLD PENS;

INKS BY THE VARIOUS MAKERS, ARNOLD, STEPHENS, COCHRAN, LYONS, &c.;

Wood, Metal, Pewter, and Glass Inkstands;

STATIONERY CABINETS, INVOICE RACKS, LETTER SCALES,

STEEL AND QUILL PENS, POCKET BOOKS, METALLIC ORDER BOOKS,

TOGETHER WITH A LARGE SELECTION OF ARTICLES FOR COUNTING HOUSE AND OFFICE USE.

Especial attention will be given to the execution of all orders, so as best to ensure accuracy, despatch, excellence of material and workmanship, together with economy of price.

ESTIMATES GIVEN.—CONTRACTS MADE.

PRICES CURRENT, MARKET REPORTS, CLUB RULES, &c.

NEW SCOTCH (Ayrshire) OATMEAL, to be had only at THOMAS BRAMMALL'S,
99, CHAPEL STREET, SALFORD.

AN AGREEABLE BREAKFAST BEVERAGE.

PYNE'S
TARAXACUM COCOA,
OR
DANDELION CHOCOLATE POWDER.

The Medicinal Properties of Dandelion have long been held in high esteem as one of the most popular Botanic remedies. All the virtues of the Plant are carefully preserved in this Preparation, which is an Extract obtained at a low temperature, and which will retain, unimpaired, its medicinal properties for any length of time, and in any climate.

PREPARED BY ROBERT HAMPSON,
(LATE PYNE,)
PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST, 63, PICCADILLY, MANCHESTER.

SOLD IN CANISTERS AT 1s. 6d. AND 2s. 9d. EACH, BY CHEMISTS GENERALLY.

GOOD TOBACCO IS A REAL LUXURY.

LAMB'S New "NUT BROWN" at 3d. per ounce is good.
20, INDIA BUILDINGS, CROSS STREET, MANCHESTER.

THE "IMOGEN" CIGARS.—S. LAMB, 20, India Buildings, Cross street, has just paid duty on the last remaining case of this famous consignment. They have been three years in bond. Price 21s. per hundred. Sample dozen free by post for 39 stamps.

FIRE AND SCARCITY OF WATER.

L'EXTINCTEUR
PORTABLE AND SELF-ACTING FIRE ENGINE.
INVALUABLE FOR ARRESTING FIRES IN THEIR EARLY STAGES.
DEPOT—46, CORPORATION STREET, MANCHESTER.
W. B. DICK & Co., Sole Maker. JAMES SINCLAIR, Agent.

NATHANIEL GOULD & COMPANY.
TRY THE
2/6
PER POUND
THE MOST
ECONOMICAL TEA
FOR FAMILY USE.
3, MARKET PLACE,
77, OXFORD STREET,
60, OLDHAM STREET, and
260, DEANSGATE.

THE "FLORENCE"
LOCKSTITCH SEWING MACHINES
ARE THE BEST.
THEY WILL HEM, FELL, TUCK, CORD, BRAID, BIND, QUILT, GATHER, AND SEW ON A BAND AT THE SAME TIME.
THEY MAKE FOUR DIFFERENT STITCHES, and have many advantages possessed by no other Machines, including the REVERSIBLE FEED, for fastening off the ends of seams without removing the work from the Machine.
PROSPECTUSES AND SAMPLES FREE.
19 & 21, BLACKFRIARS STREET, CORNER OF DEANSGATE.

R. WALMSLEY, Jeweller and Silversmith, Manufacturer of LEVER AND CHRONOMETER WATCHES, 129, Oldham Street, MANCHESTER.

PENNY READINGS.

WE have got a new date for the local almanacs :—

OCTOBER 1ST, PENNY READINGS COMMENCE.

Quite as important and interesting an announcement, surely, as

CAMBRIDGE MICHAELMAS TERM BEGINS.

which we find in one almanac, or as

LONDON UNIVERSITY OPENED, 1828.

which forms the item for October 1st, in another of our yearly calendars. Curious, indeed, are the facts supplied by these same calendars. The oddest selection, the most incongruous mixture—a regular *olla podrida*—of events past and present; meaning by "past," so long ago as "Becket murdered, 1171;" and by "present," such recent occurrences as "Prince of Wales married, 1863."

We flatter ourselves that our own announcement is at least as interesting as most of these; while, as to its importance, let the reader walk quietly down one or two suburban streets—say, for instance, in Hulme or Chorlton-on-Medlock—where small shops with obliging proprietors abound, and he will see the windows of the said shops adorned with any number of Penny Reading bills. The Parish Church Schools, the Ebenezer Temperance Hall, the Mechanics' Institute, every public building in the neighbourhood, is apparently given over to weekly or fortnightly Penny Readings. Bills little and bills big; bills blue, black and variegated, with ornamental borders, or plain to ugliness; bills headed "The —th of these Literary and Musical Entertainments will be held," &c.; bills with long and imposing programmes, full of names otherwise unknown to fame; bills announcing all sorts of local celebrities for chairmen—clergymen, heads of firms, guardians, councillors, aldermen, ex-mayors, even — incredible, but true! — even the actual real, live* mayor himself; the whole township alive with bills; the whole neighbourhood delivered over to reading and music! The almanac ought to be, must be revised! Surely, our announcement for October 1st, is as necessary as those for the 16th of August and 1st of September.

We ourselves have had some little to do with Penny Readings. We have watched, with careful eyes, the rise, the progress, the spread of this peculiarly new, and as peculiarly fashionable entertainment. Like volunteering, the commencement was sudden, and the success startling. Five years ago the title "Penny Reading" would have conveyed but very vague ideas to ninety-nine out of every hundred persons. True, there had been sundry attempts in London at school-room entertainments of a more literary and grown-up nature than the magic-lantern spectacles which had hitherto formed the sole attraction at the clergyman's disposal, unless he gave a lecture. The magic-lantern had a fault; it only attracted the children. The lecture was worse; it neither attracted the children nor anybody else,—except, indeed, it happened to be on a political subject, such as the Irish Church of the present day, when, of course, people came and either upset Dr. Watts' notion by letting "their angry passions rise," and going forth ready to "growl and fight," even as Dr. Watts' "bears and lions" justly held up to Christian reprobation. A society was formed in London with a committee, a secretary, and all the usual red-tape accompaniments. Its object was to give readings, grave and gay, dramatic, didactic, philosophic, and all the other "ics," in various school-rooms for the benefit of the respective parishes. The clergy were earnestly invited to co-operate and take a prominent part. Meetings were advertised. Admission free, gratis, and for nothing. Great men read. Large and fashionable audiences assembled, at first; and then the thing died a natural death. The middle, and especially the lower classes, for whose benefit the readings were got up, did not come. Good readers were scarce. Celebrities could not spend all their time in travelling from parish to parish. They had set the ball rolling; let humbler feet, let the clergy especially, keep it moving! Well, somehow, the ball did *not* move as it should. The audience sat patiently while "the quality" read long and improving extracts from the best authors. The reading, no doubt, was very grand,—somewhat indistinct at times, but still very grand, and ought to have been very interesting, but—well, but it wasn't; and the people listened respectfully, wondered, yawned, gave feeble, genteel applause, went away, and were no more seen. The attempt was a failure; it was killed with dignity; it had been too much of a charity; it had not sufficiently considered the tastes and literary capacity of the people; it had fallen into the same category as the lecture;—it didn't do.

Then out of the ashes of this abortive attempt, arose a scheme founded on two great principles, co-operation and mutual improvement. Phœnix-like, it arose and prospered. The hearers—the people themselves—were made helpers in their own amusement. Music and singing were brought in, and say what any one may, we English, especially in Lancashire, are a music-loving people, however little originality or beauty there may be in our musical productions. The Readings were shortened; recitations were allowed, and the teachers and senior lads in the Sunday school, the members of the mechanics' institute—anybody and everybody, who had any taste and execution, were invited to come forward and help. Forthwith a perfect deluge of readers ensued. Pale-faced lads, who had sat many and many a night after work, poring over the books which they got from the Peel Park or other libraries, started up and recited "The Charge of the Light Brigade," or, "The Natural Bridge of Virginia," bringing with them, of course, at least two rows of seats full of admiring relatives and friends, who swore by Penny Readings ever afterwards. Ardent admirers of Kean, Fechter, and G. V. Brooke, found the opportunity they had been waiting for so long, and spouted Wolsey's last dying speech and confession, Antony's oration over the body of Cæsar, and all the pet speeches of the "immortal Bard," with any amount of stamping and gesticulation, clenched teeth and knitted brows, rolling eyes and lengthened vowels, until after twenty minutes' oratorical shouting, they sat down covered with applause and—perspiration. The mania spread. Programmes were filled weeks beforehand. School-rooms were crammed, until the state of the floors became a matter of serious moment. A copper shower poured into the treasury. Penny Readings were established as a national institution, like volunteering, like croquêt, like any other nineteenth-century hobby.

And *cui bono?* Well, a good deal of nonsense was talked about the good which would inevitably follow. Penny Readings were to bring people to church, to keep the labouring man from the public-house, and youths from the casino and singing-saloon. They were to raise the moral and religious tone of the parish—in fact, like every other new broom, they were to sweep away every evil under the sun. A confused impression of the same sort penetrated the skulls of the people themselves. Going to the Penny Reading became a sort of virtuous action, to be set down on the right side of the spiritual ledger, as a make-up for other short-comings. "I send my children to your school, and I never miss your Penny Readings," was the indignant rejoinder of a matron, the other day, when remonstrated with by her clergyman for not attending church.

Of course, to bring people to church by a secular entertainment once a fortnight, or even once a week, seems, and is, simply absurd; and to expect that any man who has a hankering for the bar-room, or casino, will be weaned from such hankering by an odd night, now and again, spent in a school-room, listening to songs and readings, is equally Utopian. That Penny Readings are a pleasant, innocent, cheap amusement—that

* Let not Mr. Neill be indignant. We are referring to one of his predecessors.

they develope native talent, and gratify the "native talent"'s friends—that they afford opportunities for the clergy to preside over, and join in, the amusements of their parishioners—we freely and gladly confess. But no exaggeration, if you please! Nay, a word of caution, on the other hand, at this the beginning of another Penny Reading season:—Penny Readings seem to us to have degenerated. The comic element has been suffered to usurp by far too large a space in most of the programmes. The latest and most vulgar songs which have been rapturously applauded at the Alexandra and the People's Concert Hall, find their way to the school-room. Comic dresses, comic grimaces, slang words, and a general casino-like style, have crept in, until, instead of raising the people's tastes, and giving them a sample of what amusement should be like, the Penny Reading has, in some cases, become a sort of bald imitation of a "Free and Easy," only wanting the landlord in the chair, and pipes and glasses round the room, to be complete. We have heard, on good authority, that gentlemen who continually "favour the company" at noted houses of entertainment in our city, figure prominently on the programmes and the platforms of certain Penny Reading Societies. If this be the case, instead of emptying the public-house and casino, the Penny Reading will most likely help to fill them.

WHITED SEPULCHRES.

THERE is a limit to everything—except the effrontery of the Haymarket Company—and the limit to our endurance has been passed. We can bear no longer. We have hitherto spoken of Mr. Buckstone and his colleagues courteously: to do so any longer would be to degrade ourselves to the level of other dramatic critics. When we wrote last week, we had not seen the infamous performance of last Friday night but one, and of last Tuesday. We have seen it now, and we resume our pen with the shame of it hot upon us. If we have not reverted to the days of Charles II.; if respectable people are not to be treated to the amenities of the brothel, under the guise of innocent amusement; if men are not to be deemed utterly dissolute, and women thoroughly depraved; if decency is not to be altogether abandoned; some one must speak. The daily newspapers will not! We will.

When Dr. Cantwell called the theatre, last Friday night but one, "the devil's hotbed," he was not far wrong. No devil's hotbed ever heard more shameful speeches than our Theatre Royal heard that night. It was not fit to be in. The drama in its worse days was not worse than this. Foul equivoques and noisome innuendos positively swarmed—from female mouths as well as male. Women were as obscene as men; youth was as depraved as age; beauty was as abandoned as ugliness. The performance was one continuous series of abominations; and those of the most odious character—yet so artfully worded as to sound quite innocent, and to throw the odium of indecency on those who point them out. Whited Sepulchres! Not only the canting comedy, with its sickening piety, practised the infamous hypocrisy which it professed to expose, but the farce was full of nastiness. Blurt-out indecency is honest cleanliness, compared to these insidious obscenities, which take advantage of their veil of innocence to be ten times more loathsome and direct. If the allusions of last Friday week and of last Tuesday had been framed expressly for the delectation of an assembly of prostitutes, they could not have been made more disgusting or more pointed, than as they were presented to the ladies of Manchester by the impudent shamelessness of the Haymarket Company. That the men and women who compose that company, knowing what infamies were coming, could have the effrontery to raise the curtain on the scandal and face those ladies, proves how justly actors are despised, and is enough to convert the last amiable fanatic who believes in the modesty of actresses. How men and women dare utter what those men and women uttered, and expect a reputable audience to sit silently stewing with shame, would be incomprehensible, if experience had not shown that they may go just as far as they like with impunity. They know that spectators are cowards, and that "critics" are parasites. They have found that, whatever they do, they are treated as ladies and gentlemen. They see that they may go to any lengths they can. And so far as they could go, they went. Licence was rampant: the whole troupe abandoned itself to sickening obscenity. Mr. Compton—droll, exquisite, inimitable Mr. Compton, who took his benefit—was—O, Mr. Compton!—disgusting. Miss Barke was as disgusting as Mr. Compton; Mrs. Laws was as disgusting as Miss Barke; and Miss Robertson—no: it is too revolting to write that down. We have not mentioned Mr. Buckstone: Mr. Buckstone should be mentioned by himself. Though not particularly conspicuous on the night in question—for, where all are equal, none can excel—in general, he holds a proud pre-eminence. Miss Robertson said, in the *Hypocrite*, that Dr. Cantwell knew more about indecency than anyone in the house. We doubt it. Sometimes, Mr. Buckstone, out of sheer pity, ought to be removed. It is horrible to look at him. To see an old man act as he does, makes one feel quite sick. Mr. Buckstone, jun., is here: how proud he must be of his father! Yet, Mr. Buckstone is not the most melancholy sight. Mr. Buckstone is ugly—and a man; Miss Robertson is handsome—and a woman.

But, if we speak thus of the pollution of actors, how shall we speak of the connivance of critics? Which is the worse—the prostitute, or the pander—the profligacy of the night, or the politeness of the morning—the licentious performance, or the smug critique? Words cannot convey the contempt with which we look down upon the press's fulsome feebleness. How honourable gentlemen, affecting to protect the public by their praise of what is good and blame of what is bad, can write the traitorous twaddle they do write—can give such smooth accounts of shame—is past our comprehension. They not only do not do their duty; they not only betray their readers: they pander to iniquity; they tout for infamy. They recommend pure people to see impure things. They sit out odious performances—or ought to do—and then deliberately write of them as though they were respectable, nay, admirable. They recommend them! They pray that Friday's abominations may be repeated on Tuesdays. They try and lure honest people—whom they are paid to protect—into a den of shame. Is not this worse than lying? Mr. Buckstone is not fit to be seen overnight, next day they compliment him on a "pleasant" letter he has written to their paper. They persist in treating him as a gentleman. They clean him. They have not power to censure; they can only praise. They will betray their readers sooner than offend a manager's susceptibilities. They smirk and hold their tongues.

The performance of last Friday week—repeated on Tuesday night—had evidently been composed upon the principle that nothing is worth thinking about except obscenity. It was an exhibition of depravity which no one could sit out without being morally deteriorated by it. None left the theatre that night but were the worse for having been there. They were at least made more familiar with iniquity, and more tolerant of it. And, deuce knows, they are tolerant enough! It was, almost from the beginning of the piece to the end, an infamous performance. Yet these pitiful critics gave fine notices of it the next day. It might have been most reputable. They truckled to it. One called the foul disgrace "a great treat"—"sterling comedy." Another—or the same one—said Miss Robertson's performance was in "perfect taste." How anyone can utter odious equivoques, and play up to indecency, in "perfect taste," we are

not able to conceive. Can it be that these men did not notice the vile innuendos, or is it that they disregarded them? In either event, they are unfit for their posts. If they did not perceive them they are dullards; if they did, how dare they not mention them? Here is worse than prostitution going on. Here is a deliberate organisation for the mockery of virtue and the corruption of purity. These men are sent to pass a just opinion on it—and they praise it. Their bravery is marvellous: how dare they be such cowards?

And the audience. Well, if we were not convinced that the greater part of it had no idea of half the double meanings which infested the dialogue, we should say the theatre was lost. But some part of it took nearly all the points, and roared. This is piteous. The coarse are loud in their approbation; the pure are silent in their disapproval. While this lasts, criticism is useless. A hiss is worth more than a column of censure: a round of applause more than counteracts it. Actors will sacrifice anything for the plaudits of sensual dolts, who will hoot them the moment they forget a word. Popularity is the breath of their nostrils. Clap them, and they are servile; hiss them, and they are abject. So long as they find a foul speech means a cheer, foul speeches will abound. They did on Friday night, and the pit shrieked with delight. To give the ladies their due, it was as much as they could bear. We saw then what we never saw before—an ashamed dress-circle. Fans were going very hard, and opera-glasses were in great request. No one dare look another in the face. We almost think that, if they had caught all the meanings of the dialogue, perhaps one might have been made desperate enough to rise and go. But there is no knowing. Women are so tolerant of insult nowadays, and they are so used to it. They make a mighty fuss when *Saturday Reviewers* say they are demoralised, and yet they'll sit out anything. They follow men. They bear what men bear. Women's characters make men's! Bah! Men's make women's. They are led by men. They will do whatever they are told. They will suffer as much as they are allowed. If men are still, and critics praise, they will permit themselves to be insulted to any extent. They will preside at the sacrilege, and chime in with their praises. They would let this scandal pass unnoticed, if they had their way. As for the men—a brilliant guide women follow!—what are they? Why are they there? What do they sit by women for? We always thought they were an escort—a protection. No such thing. Each lady in the theatre was insulted fifty times, and not one champion stirred. Surely they must have thought their charges could not understand, or else could not themselves. But who knows? From all one sees and hears, indecency appears to be so essential an attribute to the character of a gentleman, that he never resents the display of it himself; and so, perhaps, he should not be expected to resent it on behalf of his companions. Anyhow, he made no sign upon the night in question. The men were as tolerant as the women, and some of them sniggered. That, however, may be pardoned them; obscenity is so irresistibly funny. Though many were perspiring freely, all were dumb as mutes. Only three single hisses saved the honour of the town. When the whole theatre should have risen, not one rose. The play contained one speech, especially, than which the range of comedy—including even Wycherley—contains no flatly filthier. Would we could print it! Upon the scandalous offence the whole house should have cried down execration; and for saying it, the whole assemblage ought to have arrested the performance till its pardon had been craved. Not one man moved. Men used to protect women; they insult them now.

Of all the institutions in the world, the drama is the most unfortunate. It is betrayed by its own children. Its ablest offspring do it the most harm. Nothing is wanting to confirm the assertions of those who maintain that the stage is utterly corrupt, and that no good can come out of it, except a few more such performances as these. If this is what the drama does, its traducers are quite right: it is nothing but a curse; and the sooner it is swept off the face of the earth the better.

Where are we going to? We suffer anything. There might be no such thing as morality; there might be no courage whatever. Virtue has fled. There is no manliness. If common decency is to be banished too, let us come to an understanding about the matter, and have a general saturnalia at once. We thought that Manchester was better than London. Events have proved us to be mistaken. The cleverest and most indecent company in England has endeavoured to foist its miserable cockney morals on a truer and a stronger race. It has succeeded. The Haymarket Company have been allowed, repeatedly, to contemn men's understanding, and to infringe upon those real "women's rights" which ought to be held sacred—the right to be treated with true respect, and the right not to be insulted—the first rights that they own, the last that they insist upon. For these rights—their undoubted and inalienable birthright—let them agitate. We will do all we can to aid them. We were the first to welcome the Haymarket Company; we are the first to say good riddance to them. Before they visit us again, let them devote a portion of their wonderful abilities to the acquirement of the rudiments of politeness and decorum. They seem to be able to act any parts but those of gentlemen.

THE PICTURES AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

PART THIRD.

FUSELI, when anyone talked to him of painting from Nature, used to exclaim, in his impetuous way, "Nature?—damn Nature! she always puts me out." As well she might, considering the class of subjects, nightmares and such like, he used to paint. But Nature will never put any man out who goes to her, in a proper spirit, for instruction. Neglecting her, as Mr. R. S. Stanhope seems to have done, and be doing (65. Ariadne), the probability is she will put *him* out by and by. These trees were never drawn from Nature; they are ugly monstrosities. This drapery was never studied from real drapery; the meagre, meaningless folds are more like the representations of drapery we see in tapestry. The picture may have been copied from a piece of tapestry, for you may almost fancy you see the curly white worsted usually employed in expressing the folds of white drapery in tapestry. The beach is puerile in the extreme; and to get his model for the waves, he must have gone a long way back in the centuries; and any man who really thinks that those curves are superior to Nature's, is so far astray that, in our opinion, it is quite impossible for him to recover himself. Mr. Stanhope's large picture, The Footsteps of the Flock (86), impresses you, at first sight, with the agreeableness and strength of its colour, and by the look of unbreakable stillness which pervades it. It is only when you come to examine it, and consider that it was painted in the 19th century, and not in the 15th, that you become aware of its absurdity.

A Three-tailed Bashaw (70): A. B. Houghton. Not first-rate work, this, by any means, but much above the average here. The background is very fairly painted. The best part of the picture is the girl, immediately behind the carriage, pushing. Her action is very natural—using the right knee to help; and the expression of the face is childlike and joyous. The worst part, and its great blemish, is the drawing of the legs of the hindmost child. Such hard, bulletty calves! with weak ancles and knees, betokening ricketiness, which in children is not pleasant to see, and ought to have been avoided—as it so easily might. Mr. Houghton has another picture (224) in the Second Room, which he

calls "My Cubs." We cannot compliment him, by the way, on his choice of the title. It is a picture of two little girls—his own, presumably—looking over a picture-book; and "cubs" is not a nice name to give nice little girls. The picture is not of much importance. The best thing in it is the kitten's action, which is uncommonly fine, and true to kitten nature.

Daphne, by Mr. C. Perugini (75), is of a kind of Art that is trying hard to become popular in this country—vainly, we hope; for, although it looks clean and proper, it *is* sentimental and unhealthy, and, moreover, thoroughly affected. The lines of the drapery have a kind of gracefulness in them; that poor kind that is wont to throw dandies and their next-of-kin, the man-milliners, into ecstacies. Very flimsy in the background: meagre and hard throughout.

May, by G. F. Watts, R.A. (80), although one of the finest pictures in the room, is not likely to interest any but artists. It is merely a girl, kneeling at a table, reading. There are no accessories; nothing permitted to draw the attention from the simple action of the girl and the expression of her face. The treatment is broad and masterly. The flesh painting—the shadows, particularly—is in the grandly luminous, broad manner of the greatest of the Venetians. Mr. Watts's other picture (90), Study of a Head, though simpler still and slighter, is equally fine in colour and expression.

The Evening Hymn (85): G. Mason. This, the gem of the collection, is a poem on canvas; a melody in colour. Since Millais's Autumn Leaves, we have not seen so fine a twilight. Hardly twilight yet though in The Evening Hymn, for the sun has but just gone down. A solemn, golden sunset, all aglow with crimson and gold, green and grey, and purple; all living, palpitating, and playing into one another, making a wondrous harmony, powerful, rich, and deep. In dark relief against the sky, come a string of girls, singing; all gracefully drawn; one, especially, having her arms lifted to the back of her head, thereby giving an appearance of gentle motion to the group. The group on the right—of the shepherd his friend and dog—is beautifully drawn and poetically conceived, although the shepherd is attired in the ordinary green smock-frock and leather leggings of the day. His friend echoes the action of the girl with her arms behind her head, thereby giving breadth to the group, of which he is a member; for by so doing, the artist gets a long line from this man's elbow to the elbow of the shepherd's left arm. The heads and shoulders of the girls, though in dark relief against the sky, are not *suddenly* relieved, as a vulgar painter would have set them, for the sake of startling contrast; the suddenness of the relief is taken off by some leafless trees, which rise above and behind the girls, between them and the sky. The landscape is admirably composed, broad, and vigorous—almost slovenly; the foreground, being rather dauby, looks wrong, but *is* right—for this picture, at least, though by no means a proper study for a young painter; not nearly so good a study as Mr. Walker's Vagrants, which is a capital model for a young landscape painter. The Evening Hymn should not be hidden in any private gallery, but ought to be hung in some public place—a possession to the people for ever.

The Close of Day (89): R. Collinson. The sun has just set: the moon is in her first quarter: and, from the title, "The Close of Day," you naturally expect that you are invited to enjoy the cool of the evening. But not so in Mr. Collinson's picture. Everything that in Nature at the close of day would have been, and would have looked delightfully cool, pleasant and inviting, such as the tree-shaded lane on the other side of the stream, looks here insufferably hot. The stream itself looks hot. The sky is without atmosphere, and looks like a painted board. The whole thing is hot and hard.

Mr. J. D. Watson possesses all that has, though not quite accurately, been called the language of a painter; drawing, including light and shade, colour and vigorous handling, but, unfortunately, he does not appear to have anything particular to say. His picture of The Student (94) is faultless as regards drawing, colour, and handling. The objection to it is that it has no purpose beyond. It means nothing. There are two figures in it; one an idle-looking young gentleman, the student probably, lolling on a large oaken chest; the other, a lady standing beside him. Now, what is the meaning of it, or has it any meaning? The figures are doing nothing; only idling. Are they talking nothingnesses to one another, and, if so, who cares? It really is a pity that Mr. Watson has nothing to tell us. Why should he waste his time in painting such a hackneyed subject as the Stolen Meeting (225) in the Second Room?

But if we have been compelled to blame Mr. Watson, what must be said of 97, A Holiday Riot, by W. J. Müekley? We found something, nay a great deal, in Mr. Watson's work, but we find next to nothing here. The only good points in The Holiday Riot are the head of the girl pulling at the boy's coat tails, which is well conceived and is the best bit of painting in the picture, and the dolly's mama crying behind the chair. All the other children, of which there are nine, are badly drawn; an insipid, simpering, bleached-looking lot, more like puppets than real children. This picture is unfortunately situated, although in one of the best positions in the room. Mr. Müekley evidently stands very high in the estimation of the Committee; they intended, no doubt, to show his picture to the very best advantage, and have shown it to the very worst, placing it so as to provoke comparison with a quite different kind of work. Mr. Watson with his vigorous execution and strength of colour stands his ground well with Messrs. Mason and Watts; but from The Student to The Holiday Riot there is a sudden drop; a drop from colour to chalkiness; from strength to weakness. Mr. Watson, we had to complain, had little or no subject, but better no painting at all than such a piece of work as this.

Mr. C. J. Lewis's Autumn Sheepfold (102) is much superior to the pictures on either side of it, but is still a considerable way from the truth in colour. It is chalky. Now, Nature never looks chalky, not even in her chalk cliffs, much less in her skies; and less still in her turnip fields, whether sheep-trodden or not.

Mary, Queen of Scots, and her Companions Mending Tapestry at Lochleven Castle (112): A B. Clay. Six ordinary-looking women engaged in sewing a piece of not rich tapestry. They don't seem to be much interested in their occupation, nor are we.

HAUNTS OF THE POETS.

A portion of Clement's Inn, London, is being demolished to make room for the new Law Courts. The "Cock," in Fleet Street,—the old haunt of Tennyson in his bachelor days, and of poets and scholars long anterior to him,—is about to follow its fate.

Rydal Mount, Wordsworth's home for seven and thirty years, has been unoccupied for some months, and is "to let." House and grounds are kept with scrupulous care. Tourists in the lake country, who desire to see the late poet's residence, will find the well-known gateway barred and locked; but by passing through a little wicket to the right, and pressing under and through the thicket which bounds one side of the carriage drive, they may, without hindrance, reach the terrace in front of the house. Here they will probably be received by a shrewd, homely, Westmorland woman, the temporary custodian of the Mount, who, for a trifling fee, will guide them through the now vacant rooms; tell where the poet wrote; where he extended a modest welcome to known and unknown visitors; where he slept and where he died. No change of importance in the internal fittings; the panellings or paintings of the house has been made since Wordsworth's death, now some eighteen years ago. Every ancient arrangement is preserved with almost religious care, and the same remark applies to the grounds around the dwelling.

COMMERCIAL INN-DISCRETION (as it ought to be).—Wine at dinner.

SEA WEEDS,

FROM THE COAST OF ANTRIM.

II. RACY PECULIARITIES.

"Sure, a man can't be in two places at once,—barrin' he's a burd."
BILLY GO-SOFTLY.

BEFORE I attempt to describe any part of this coast, I will notice a few peculiarities of speech and manners which have interested me during my sojourn here; and, by way of introduction, I may say that the dialect of Antrim,—like the people who dwell there,—is more Scottish than Irish, although one sometimes finds it quaintly inlaid with genuine Hibernicisms. These racy distinctions of language can hardly fail to arrest the attention of any observant stranger, wandering among scenes that are new to him. Whilst moving about here in leisurely fashion, and in all sorts of unpremeditated directions,—chatting with whatever people fell in my way;—now with weather-beaten fishers in the harbour; now amongst the fluttering life of the public street: now sauntering with some chance way-farer along a quiet country road; now lounging by the open doors of lowly cots where poor folk nestle; now meandering through the market-place of a little rural town; wherever I have strayed, some fleeting snatch of quaint phraseology has fallen upon my ear,—hot from the heart, and with the clear ring of natural eloquence about it; some fitful burst of life-like earnestness, which has not been pared down to fit the nice narrowness of any exclusive specialty; or I have met with some racy bit of anecdote, richly redolent of the life from which it sprung.

In the first place, there is a touch of novelty in—what one may call—the weather-salutations, here. Of course, wherever people meet, the commonest topic of conversation, to begin with, is the weather. It is a little neutral ground of talk, upon which the common kindliness of our nature can meet without fear of disturbance. In England these weather-salutes are as frequent, and as genial, as anywhere in the round world; but here, in the north of Ireland, it is the form which strikes a stranger's ear with its novel peculiarity of tone. "That's the darlin' weather," says Jemmy Morning, as he trots by, in the direction of the Causeway, at the rate of six miles an hour, tupping his head through the wind, and with the upper part of his body aslant, as if he was anxious that his hat should arrive at the place he was going to, a few minutes before his trousers. "Varra wunny, the day," says "Tam o' the Aird," as he saunters slowly along the highway, staff in hand, with his one cow at his heels, cropping the scanty herbage upon the borders of the road. "We'll hae a coorse nicht in the channel, the nicht," says an old fisherman, gazing from the head of "The Shepherd's Path," which leads in slippery windings down the steep face of the precipice into Port Noffer. "Saft mornin', boys," says "Long Dominick," to the guides lounging about the road, on the look-out for visitors. "Gran' breeze for the stooks," cries old David of Dulusk, as he peeps over the hedge at a passing acquaintance. "Feighn day, *noo*," says Andy McCurdy, whilst the rain is falling in torrents around him—and this is the one phrase he uses in relation to the weather, whatever it may be. "There's rain i' the wind—Bush Foot is sounding," says old Robert of the Glen-side, as he looks pensively down the vale, to where the sea is breaking in white foam upon the shore, near "Black Rock." And it seems that there is a certain combination of wind and tide which wakens the water into a roar at the point where the Bush empties itself into the ocean, and which is almost a sure indication of rain. "Beautiful morning for the Causeway,—will ye require a car, sur?" says a Portrush driver, jerking his thumb in the direction of the vehicle.

"The Causeway" is in every mouth in Portrush, either on one account or another; indeed, if it were not for "The Causeway," the majority of the mouths in Portrush could not be kept going at all, unless they went away altogether. But for "The Causeway," Portrush would probably never have been anything more than an obscure fishing village, and the very life-current of its existence is the stream of visitors which pass through to "The Causeway," from all parts of the world. This pretty marine village,—indeed, the whole coast of Antrim seems to be thoroughly steeped in two peculiar elements,—the wonders of "The Causeway," and the shadowy renown of Phin McCoul, the Irish giant. The first is a constant attraction to strangers, and a source of profitable employment to the whole country-side. And as for Phin McCoul,—the common people here not only attribute "The Causeway" itself, but everything else that is grand, or stupendous, or powerful in nature, to that traditionary hero, who fills all the vague dawn of Irish history with a world of misty miracles. Wherever we go,—by mountain, or glen, or sea-worn crag,—we meet with the shade of the giant who used the Round Towers of Ireland as tooth-picks; and who was stepping across the sea to England, with the Isle of Man in his apron, when the strings broke, and down went "Mona the lone," plump into the waves, where it stands now, about equi-distant between the three shores. Wherever we wander upon this coast, we are shewn, among its fantastic rocks, and wild headlands, Phin McCoul's this and Phin McCoul's that—his head, his chair, his spy-glass, his well, his kitchen, his loom, his organ, his grandmother, and his grave. Phin McCoul is on every tongue,—especially when anything large needs to be expressed. He is more remote, and mythical, and he looms larger in the imaginative mind than our own Robin Hood—the liberty-loving king of merry England's ancient green woods. If any man here is bigger or stronger than common, the people say he is "as big as Phin McCoul," or, he is "as strong as Phin McCoul;" or, if he has a larger nose than his neighbours, he has "a nose like Phin McCoul's." Indeed, all over the country we find the trail of a shadowy ancient renown, to which distance has lent a vast accumulation of imaginative enchantment, and "The Giant" and "The Giant's Causeway," seem to tinge the whole mental air of the district, more or less.

And now I will give a few samples of the phraseology of this part of "The Green Isle;" I mean only such flying fits of speech as have accidentally met my ears, whilst roving to and fro, in a lazy way. In the first place I find that the custom of nicknaming people, according to some remarkable feature of body or mind, is almost as common here as it is in Lancashire. For instance, I have met with such names as "Tam Tak,"—for one who thinks it more blessed to receive than to give; "Auld Disobleege,"—for a man remarkable for disinclination to do a good turn; "Holy Andy,"—for an over righteous man, of Pharisaic mind; "Johnny Peevish,"—for one of plaguey temper; "Billy the Geck,"—for a man given to mimicry; and "Soon Barney,"—applied to one who is usually in good time for things. * * The following is a little specimen of a tippling scream between two fish women, at the door of a Belfast spirit store:—"Och!" says a stout amazon, snapping her fingers at a second, who sat upon an empty creel, by the door way. "Och, that's talk for scutchers! Shut yer gob, my darlin', and don't be makin' a holy show o' yersel'! Faith, ye're gettin' too fat an' too full! Ye needna' be stickin' wedges o' beef into yer face, as if ye were postin' letters! It'll be a long time till ye meet with a man that'll tak ye before the clargy! Bad cess to ye, Norah dear! The're ten deevils in some'folk, but there's eleeven in you!" "Barney," says a car-man, to his friend standing by,—"Barney; how would ye like to wed that un?" "Wed her!" cried Barney, switching his whip at the air, "Bi my soul, I'd rather welt her!"

It seems that a common marriage-portion of the country maidens of some parts of the north of Ireland, used to be "a bed, and a chest, and a wheel;" indeed it is still familiarly known in this quarter of the island, as "a County Derry Portion," and, by the way, I met with a little anecdote, lately, relative to marriage-portions, which is perhaps worth a place here:—A country farmer and his wife went to make the preliminary arrangements for the marriage of their son with the daughter of a neighbour, whom the lad had been courting. After a good deal of higgling between the two sets of parents, the lad's father cried,—"Well, noo; to mak a lang story short,—what'll ye gie wi' the lass?" "Well; I'll e'en just gie her fifty pun'!" replied the girl's father. "Well, indeed then," replied the other, "if that's a', she'll no be ours at the money!" * * The other day I heard of a young couple who had got married, and, having no house of their own to put their heads in, they were obliged to dwell with the lad's parents until the building was ready, which was preparing to receive them. In the meantime, children began to make their appearance; and their crying was such an evident annoyance to the old couple, that the young wife was constantly grieved thereat. "Whisht, darlin," said she to the weeping infant on her breast one day, "Whisht, darlin';" ye'll suin be whaur ye can get greetin' your fill, an' naebody to hinder ye." * * * "There goes poor old Molly," said Robert o' the glen-side to me, one day, as he pointed to a tattered crone who was hobbling by. "There goes poor old Molly; she's always *at the edge of her foot*,"—meaning that she was always in a needy condition. In Lancashire they say of a man who is reduced to penury, that he has "etten his cake to 'th edge," or, if he has been a luxurious liver, they will say of him that he has "com'd to his cake an' milk at last."

One day, when a knot of the Causeway Guides were lounging upon the headland above Port na Gague, in lazy chat together, one of them was trying to trace the age of a neighbour, in the following manner:—"I ken the hail lot o' them, rightly," said he, "an' this is the way of it,—Alick's the same age as Bill; and Davy's the age o' Bill's mother; an' Bill's mother was born the year o' the great water." "Well, indeed," replied a second, "if that be sae, she maun be ane o' auld Noah's family." When speaking of a man of no endurance, or of an impatient temper, the people here say that "he comes o' a breed that arena *good tholers;*" or of a fool they will say, "Och, I ken him, rightly,—an' a well-lookin' man, tee,—but daft, daft, varra daft, fra heed ta heel! Indeed, indeed, ye might as well ask for holy water in an Orange Lodge, as expect onything sensible fra the craythers. But, what then,—gude guide us,—fools are no the warst kin' o' folk i' the world, after a'." The strong flavour of Scotch which pervades the language of the common people, here, is very remarkable. I heard a delusive, and garrulous man alluded to, the other day, as "an auld sluisterin deevil;" and a little while ago, an old Bushmills' shop-keeper was taking the different weights of a small party of young ladies; and, after he had weighed two or three of more sylph-like proportions, he came, at last, to a magnificent damsel who drew the beam up handsomely at fifteen stone. "By my saul," cried the old man, "but ye're no a mountain grazer, ony way!"

During a short stay at a picturesque and hospitable farmstead in this part, I was very much interested by the free and racy snatches of humorous speech that fell from one of the maidens of the family, as she flitted to and fro about her household work—a sweet and sonsie lass, tall and straight, and as lithe as an eel, and brisk as a bee. "Whaurever's that woman gane te?" said she, as she wandered about the outhousing in search of the mistress, "whaurever's that woman gane te? But,—fien' a fears o' her!" continued she, "she'll no be far awa, wi' the sair foot on her. I'll just e'en girn an' bide a wee." "Yees are at it again, weans!" cried she to a company of youngsters, who were jerking at play, round the peat stack. "A-way to the field, Lizzy, or I'll warm your lug for ye! An' ye haud away to the horses, Willy; an' dinna be rinnin' hame, an' collougin' wi' yer faither, till he puts bad into your heed,—or ye'll get the waur o't!" "Od', but yon's a quare variety!" said she, gazing after a curious figure which wandered by the gate of the yard,—"yon's a quare variety! Faith, there's mony a strange crater i' the warld, forbye a body's sel'!" "I doot ye've bin treatin' Paddy the day, Jemmy, dear," said she to an old guide, who was returning home from the Causeway. "I doot ye've bin treatin' Paddy, the day; ye're e'en are like twa burnt holes in a blanket! Oh, man, but ye'll get your hair kempt rightly, when ye win hame!" and when somebody began to tease her about a rejected lover who had crossed the sea, she cried, "Och, a fair wun te his wee boat! There plenty a' guid fish i' the sea, forbye ane! I doot ye're varra funny, the day, guid folk; but just hae 't e'en as ye will; things 'el still aye be *some way!*"

As I have said before, the very existence of Portrush depends mainly upon its being the great thoroughfare to the Giant's Causeway; and for one car which leaves Portrush in any other direction there are a score go to "The Causeway." The chief reason for this is that, from Belfast to Portrush, we have the railway; beyond Portrush we have no railway. Still, "The Causeway" is the principal thing that draws travellers to the town of Portrush; and every hour of the day, and in all weathers, two streams of cars pass and repass upon the picturesque seven miles of coast road which divide Portrush from "The Causeway." As we walk about the little town, too, we are constantly meeting with drivers who ask if we "require a car to the Causeway the day?" These northern drivers lack the quick, sparkling mother-wit of the ancient Irish race; though they are not deficient of a certain dry, pawky humour, which steals out now and then in a quiet way. There is one of them here who is known as "The Smiler." He is a favourite on account of his easy, obliging disposition; and, when you have paid for the car, at the end of the journey, he always "laves *the rest* to your honour's generosity; an' faith, whether it's a sovereign or a crown—it'll *do* me!" And, by the way, an English stranger might be surprised to find that after he has paid for his car, at the rate of sixpence a mile,—which is about the usual charge,—he is liable to a claim from the driver, for what is called "whip-money," an elastic sum, the amount of which depends upon the play of the two dispositions of the driver and the traveller. The driver always urges this claim as being totally separate from his employer's interest, and being "all he gets for himself."

And now I will conclude my second wandering paper, in the words used at the Ulster christening feast,—"Here's you in the shawl, good health! You against the wall, good health! Mrs. McFall, good health! An' ladies an' gentlemen all, good health!"

INTERESTING TO PLAY-GOERS.

An enterprising dentist somewhere is advertising, we are told, "teeth at a shilling each." In the absence of definite information as to his family, may we not conclude that this must be a descendant of an individual immortalised by the author of "The Rivals"—the celebrated BOB ACRES!

LATEST FROM SPAIN.

The Queen of Spain is accused of immodest conduct. No wonder, then, that she should find a determined enemy in one who is Prim.

TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK.—We know of an anxious being who, having to rise very early the other morning, actually took the extraordinary precaution of knocking himself up the night before!

WINE DRINKING,

UNDER A NEW DISPENSATION.

As a rule, men become conservative with age, and evince a blind hatred of ideas. It does not arise so much from deterioration as from decay. The man who, in his youth, reads Histories of the World in twenty volumes, without the pangs of indigestion, requires his intellectual food prepared more daintily at the age of forty. His mind becomes dyspeptic. He can no longer manage the tough meat served up by such sturdy cooks as Mill and Gibbon: he subsists entirely on intellectual beef-tea, in the shape of *Times* leaders. The same indolence extends to his physical habits. He seeks comfort where formerly he sought adventure. Familiarity soothes him. There was a time when he would have gone a mile out of his way to see a new eruption of tulip, or a new row of cottages, but now he cares most of all for the every-day road to his place of business.—Even Dr. Johnson was not the same man if he did not touch all the posts in Fleet Street on his way from St. Paul's to Temple Bar. The innovation which can wean a man from an old habit, must be one of singular potency. A new idea, to be successful with him, must command success. It is the achievement in Gath—we beg pardon, we mean Manchester—of such an innovation that suggested to us the above heading.

One of the exigencies, real or fancied, of city life is the glass of sherry with the eleemosynary biscuit, about twelve o'clock a.m. A man gets to his warehouse at nine, with an appetite for work. He opens his letters, and writes for the early mail. At half-past eleven his mind begins to flirt with visions of T cloths and madapollams. But he does not go straight on 'Change. He first seeks a gentle recruitment of his energies. He wants just enough sherry to swallow a biscuit, and just enough biscuit to impart flavour to a glass of sherry. Formerly he discharged this part of the day's work at an hotel or a dining-room. And if at that period you had told him that the time was at hand when he would grow cynical on the subject of the sherry at "The Grey Bear," or inconstant to the bins at the "Prince's Haunt," he would not have believed you. You might as well have told him that he would shortly abandon the Didsbury omnibus in favour of a pneumatic tube. But it seems that the wine trade, like war, has its Alexanders. A few months ago, a strategic sherry merchant entered the town, pitched his tent within easy range of the Exchange, hung a proclamation outside, boldly declaring his terms (*i.e.* cash), and in a few days a number of veteran connoisseurs surrendered at discretion, and now go daily and pay him tribute. *Il n'y a rien qui réussit comme le succès.* Nevertheless we are bound to admit that the judgment was deserving, which in so short a time effected so great a change—which attracted the lethargic mind of Oldham and of Stalybridge from the conventional tap and the familiar hostelry to a rude cellar, with a Spanish name, and a revolutionary display of sherry casks.

The idea of the promoters of the new system is to introduce pure wine by dispensing it in sample glasses, at prices scientifically adjusted to the wholesale price. This system places the public in a more independent position than hitherto. It establishes the free-trade principle in wines. Formerly, when a man wanted to fill up a gap in his cellar, he called on a wine merchant, and was ushered into a private room. A bottle was opened for him in his presence. If he was a modest, unpretending man, he already felt that it was all over with him, and gave his order, whether he liked the wine or not. If of a less sensitive nature, his objections would be received with crushing politeness, while a second bottle was flourished before him. He must have been a wine merchant himself, who could go away, after this, without giving an order. But thanks to a modern and mercenary William Tell, we live now under a new dispensation. A man can go to the Almacen, or the Bodega; he can sample the wine, he can see the price on the cask whence it is drawn. He is not made to taste samples until he becomes reckless. He never finds the next day that he has bought so much wine that he daren't have it all home at once.

We turn from this dreadful picture and invite our readers to accompany us first to the Almacen de Vinos Espanoles, and then to the Bodega. On the very threshold of the oldest of these establishments the Almacen, the Spanish description written over the door seems to impart a delightfully nutty flavour to the air. It is amusing to observe the tentative mind of the cotton spinner in his efforts to construe it. He generally concludes that it is the name of the Spanish nobleman, the proprietor. The cellar is square, and a counter runs round two sides of it. Half-a-dozen stools and a handful of sawdust for carpet completes the furniture. In contrast with the business-like simplicity of the fittings, the eye is greeted by gay little models from Granada—the arch and elegant Spanish glasses—the blasé-looking olive kegs. We don't know why olives, like countesses, should excite the imagination. But it is impossible to eat an olive without feeling like a debauched nobleman. Behind the counter there are two nice little boys, and behind the two nice little boys there are rows of quarter casks, hogsheads, and butts in every conceivable position of life. Each of these casks contains a different kind of sherry, bearing the most wonderfully descriptive name. Excepting in some of Robert Schumann's music, we do not remember to have seen the power of expression more remarkable than in some of these names. For instance, there is a wine called "Amoroso." It is soft and imperceptibly sweet. It is not like first love, all sugar and fire; there is a flavour of gentle, lazy sentiment about it. It is like wine that in its youth has inspired grand passions, and now in its old age only sings of them dimly from memory. Then there is the "Manzanilla." The word seems to run off your tongue without leaving a syllable behind. There is nothing liquid in the sound. Nor is there in the wine. It is deliciously dry. One has a feeling almost of virtuous asceticism in drinking it. Again, there is the glorious "Oloroso." Does it not almost require a sensual roll of the tongue to pronounce it? It is so rich and so strong that in drinking it one feels as if one were committing some generous sin. Of course these varieties of sherry were new to the majority of the Manchester public. They had been accustomed to call for a glass of sherry without making nice distinctions. But at the Almacen and the Bodega it is not too much to say that sherry drinking has been raised to the dignity of a fine art. One thinks of the proprietors of these establishments educating the wine-drinking community with the same admiration that one thinks of Mr. Disraeli educating the Tory party.

It is instructive to watch life at the Almacen on a market day. The juvenile shipper's clerk walks in carelessly and asks for "Vino fino de Pasto" with an air of confidence and a faultless pronunciation, as if it had been his beverage from infancy. The Oldham spinner comes in with the agent, and evinces some uneasiness while he orders "Amoroso" or "Soleras." When he has tasted it, he smiles and exclaims, "Why its only sherry," as if he had been prepared to swallow some unwholesome mixture. The stock broker may be seen with his speculative client talking eternally about "Mets" and "Luxes." But as they cannot talk about "Inets" all day, they are, no doubt, grateful for a new subject of conversation directly they get outside. The unsuccessful wine merchant is to be met here—with a friend. They taste the wine, and the friend appeals to the unsuccessful wine merchant with his eyes. The unsuccessful wine merchant smiles, "more in pity than in anger," and no doubt would get an order out of the friend if the friend had not just made up his mind to have some of the wine he is drinking.

Everybody who is acquainted, however slightly, with our local literature, knows that the Bodega is "under the new Stock Exchange." He may not know whether it is a wine cellar or a missionary station, but he cannot fail to become deeply impressed, from frequent iteration, with the

fact that the Bodega, whatever it is, is "under the new Stock Exchange." The interior of the Bodega is what one naturally expects from its association with a Stock Exchange. It is elegant and large, and spick-and-span new. The casks are ranged with military precision. With their white shields, their taps, and their little tin cans, they look like a company of vivandières on parade. The wine glasses stand in brilliant battalions on the counter. The olives are displayed in hand-glasses which remind you of splendid banquets of which you have never partaken. But it becomes a question of some psychological interest whether the typical Manchester man likes better the elegance and the grandeur, or the simplicity and the sawdust. At all events we may congratulate ourselves on the possession of both styles of resort.

We have so far spoken of these establishments merely as new facts in Manchester experience, and in the spirit of a man who describes the dome of a cathedral without criticising the doctrines taught beneath it. We are glad to see them, because we believe that they will have the effect of creating a market value for wine, to the immense advantage of small buyers as well as large. But we should consider even this benefit dearly-bought if they also had the effect of encouraging the already too prevalent habit of "tippling." By this term we mean the habit of taking a glass of sherry at all hours of the day, partly to kill time when there is no business doing, partly to render a chat more genial, partly to indulge the generous impulse of treating one's friends. A glass of sherry previous to going on 'Change and to the exertion of a great deal of talking, is a very useful stimulant. And another glass after dinner, if a man dines in the middle of the day, can do no harm. It is the irregular habit of "tippling" which is full of insidious danger. So we cannot repress a certain interference of our conscience, which will not permit us to congratulate our townsmen on their new haunts, without reminding them that too much of a good thing is a very bad thing indeed.

LA DANSE AT POMONA.

THE locale of our observation is worth a short description. The place cannot be unknown to those who glance over the first columns of the daily papers. Like every other such locality in the neighbourhood of Manchester, the approach is somewhat difficult. To reach it you must pass under one railway arch at least, cross the canal, and encounter many curious varieties of bad smells, and lonesome foot-paths. There is something in its general appearance distantly suggestive of a provincial Cremorne. The river (so called), many bright lamps, shady walks, and retired arbours, in some vague and remote degree, remind one of that celebrated place of resort.

The people who habitually attend are sufficiently nondescript. At intervals there is a considerable intermixture of the "swell" element. But even this does not make the company particularly exclusive or aristocratic. On popular nights there are sure to be some representatives of our red-coated garrison—

"The whisker'd votaries of waltz and war,"

who are evidently favourite partners in the dance. Though other forms of amusement exist, only one appears to thrive and flourish. Dancing is the *pièce de resistance* of the entertainments. The "monstre platform" and the "military band" are unfailing facts, and are dandled before the eyes of the unwary with an industry worthy of a better cause. Perhaps the most remarkable feature in this is the entire absence of any code of etiquette whatever. The proceedings are strangely "free and easy." We were once in some doubt how such a fortuitous concourse of human atoms arranged itself satisfactorily, for the due performance of such dancing as required co-operation. Confusion as to the point was cleared away when one, with the unmistakable aspect of a "gent," requested us, as a personal obligation to himself, to take a lady friend of his as partner, adding in explanation, that it was rather awkward to have two ladies. Dancing and smoking can evidently co-exist, nor does the combination appear at all inconsistent with proper and chivalric regard for the comfort and convenience of partners. Neither do walking canes nor umbrellas occasion any serious difficulty. They are not discarded men during the time their active operations are going on, but are carried as appears most convenient to their possessors. As to the convenience of other people that is not their affair. The choice of partners also, seems at first sight, a little extraordinary. Possibly the study of Mr. Spurgeon's precepts may be popular, and that gentleman may excuse a powerful influence with a large section of these amusement seekers; or the fact may arise from personal motives. However it may be, whether from a philosophical and moral consideration of the matter, or from accidental misfortune, it is impossible not to observe that similarity of sex in partners is no bar to the thorough enjoyment of the pleasures of dancing. Tom and Bill, in the absence of female friends, request that they may have the honour, at least we suppose they must do so, as they certainly dance with each other. They have the advantage of a greater capacity for speed than couples matched on other principles, and if appearances are worth anything, extract very great enjoyment from their amusement. Whether they enter into elaborate arrangements as to who is to be the lady for the nonce, or trust entirely to fortune, it is impossible to say. But there is nothing in the arrangement which presents a desirous obstacle to locomotion, speedy, and more or less graceful. The same may be said of the young women of the company. They apparently enjoy each other's assistance very much. This latter fact is not a matter for wonder. In the present generation, the young ladies of every rank are distinguished for their modest objection to any further association than is absolutely unavoidable with representatives of the sterner sex.

When we have got accustomed to this peculiar grouping, it will be possible to admire the illustrations of the various kinds of dancing. There is just a small sprinkling of people, who are at once well matched, and who know their work. Anything that is beautiful and graceful must be looked for in this class. They choose the most retired and the quietest spots within hearing of the music, and, doubtless, spend the time in a highly satisfactory manner. Opposed to these is a class whose members, knowing nothing whatever of the fine art, are yet moved by the music, or by some mysterious sympathy with the other dancers. Unable to resist the temptation, they rush recklessly into the whirling vortex. The further it is possible to keep from their track the better. Rapid movement is the one consideration for which they have some regard, and, consequently, in an incredibly short time, they will, in slang phrase, "come to grief" of a very unmitigated order. Happy, indeed, will those of their neighbours be who escape being engulphed in the common ruin. Somewhat between these are to be included most of the dancers. They have some knowledge of the principles of the exercise, but their education has apparently been rather popular than scientific. Two separate delusions of this order are distinguishable: the stiff dancers and the lively dancers. The former are cursed by some little knowledge of their ignorance, and, unfortunately for their comfort, try to appear unconscious of it. They approach their partners as if they were about to handle red hot coppers, and were afraid of being burnt. The araangement of their limbs is about as graceful in outline as is that of the skeleton dolls seen in toy-dealers' windows. Oddly enough, their vain efforts to appear at ease are reflected in their very clothes, and the agony expressed by their faces is awful to think about. Their movements are slow and, as far as possible, dignified, and they are distinguished by a great power of assuming remarkable attitudes. But the exertion is so palpable, and the discomfort so obvious, that the real enjoyment must be infinitesimal. They are apt to regard others as responsible for all accidents which may happen, and to lose temper, and become quarrelsome in circumstances of difficulty. Equally ignorant, but not so painfully aware of deficiencies, the lively or bouncing dancers are more gifted for enjoyment. They are troubled with no scruples; they laugh and talk unceasingly; they dance constantly, and no peculiarity of the dance will prevent them from attempting, and in some way going through it. Their spirits are overflowing, and a series of disasters only makes them happier. Perhaps a galop or polka is best suited to their style. The speed which, if not interfered with, they succeed in attaining is something dreadful to contemplate in cold blood. Constant collisions happen, and yet in some mysterious way they escape unhurt. It would require a strong arm and a trained eye to steer successfully through the crowd which throngs the board. The bouncer has neither, or is too hurried to take advantage of them. To others crashes and falls happen accidentally. Some sort of malice aforethought seems to pervade his tumbles, and after every fall, he rises better fitted and more eager for they fray.

WAIFS OF YANKEE HUMOUR.

A labourer in an ice-house Down East was killed by a large lump of ice falling on his head. Verdict of the jury—"Died of hard drink."

An inventive genius in Minnesota has got up a stove which saves three-fourths of the wood, while the ashes it makes pays for the remainder.

Josh Billings says, "Most people decline to learn only by their own experience, and I guess they are more than half right, for I don't s'pose a man could get a correct idea of molasses-candy merely by letting another feller taste it for him."

There is a story told of Audubon, the celebrated bird-hunter and painter of the American Continent, "taking the face" of a Yankee colonel. He said, "Look bright, you ruffian!" The soldier started to his feet in unutterable anger. "That's the expression I wanted," said the artist; "remain as you are."

A gentleman from Swampville was telling how many different occupations he had attempted. Among others, he had tried school-teaching. "How long did you teach?" asked a bystander. "Wal, I di'n't teach long—that is, I only went to teach. You see, I travelled into a deestrict and inquired for the trustees. Somebody said Mr. Snickles was the man I wanted to see. So I found Mr. Snickles, named my object, introducing myself, and asked what he thought about lettin' me try my luck with the big boys and unruly gals in the deestrict. He wanted to know if I really considered myself capable; and I told him I wouldn't mind his asking me a few easy questions in 'rithmetic and jography, or showing my handwriting. He said, "No, never mind;" he could tell a good teacher by his gait. "Let me see you walk off a little way," says he, "and I can ji's well's I heard you examined," says he. He sat on the door as he spoke, and I thought he looked a little skittish, but I was consid'rable frustrated, and didn't mind much; so I turned about and walked on as smart as I knowed how. He said he'd tell me when to stop, so I kep' on tell I thought I'd gone far enough; then I'spected s'thing was to pay, and looked round. Wal, the door was shet, and Snickles was gone." "Did you go back?" "Wal, no; I didn't go back." "Did you apply for another school?" "Wal, no—I didn't apply for another school," said the gentleman from Swampville; "I rather judge my appearance was agin me."

WEIGHING BUTTER.—A pedlar in the Highlands, having run short of butter, applied to a farmer's wife for a supply. "Hoo muckle div ye want?" said she. "A pun' will do," said the pedlar. "I canna mak ye a pun'" replied the woman, "I hae na a pun' weight." "Weel, what weight hiv ye?" said the pedlar. "Twa pun'," said the woman. "And which is the weight?" said the man. "O, it's just the tangs." "Weel," said he, "put ae leg in the scale, and the tither oot, and that'll be a pun'." The woman did so, as requested, but when it was weighed she looked doubtfully at the butter and said, "It looks a muckle pun'." "O, it's all right, woman," said the pedlar, "how much is't?" "A saxpence," was the reply, which the pedlar paid, and departed rather hastily, lest the good woman might see her mistake.

SONNET.

The following fine sonnet—(and a fine sonnet is perhaps the rarest thing in literature)—appears in the current number of *Macmillan's Magazine*. It was written by the Archbishop of Dublin, better known as the Rev. R. Chenevix Trench, "on a brother and sister who died at the same time—Abergale, August 20, 1868":—

Men said, who saw the tender love they bare
Each to the other, and their hearts so bound
And knit in one, that neither sought nor found
A nearer tie than that affection rare—
How with the sad survivor will it fare,
When death shall for a season have undone
The links of that close love; and taking one
The other leaves to draw unwelcome air?
And some perchance who loved them, would revolve,
Sadly the sadness which on one must fall,
The lonely left by that dividing day.
Vain fears! for He who loved them best of all,
Mightier than we life's mysteries to solve,
In one fire-chariot bore them both away.

A SKETCH FROM THE SHETLAND ISLES.

THE little island of Noss lies to the north east of Lerwick, the chief town of the main island of the Shetland group. The only habitation upon it is the little hut of a fisherman. The island consists only of the western slope of a high hill. The eastern slope appears to have been destroyed by some catastrophe; so that this side of the coast, which looks towards the open sea, forms a perpendicular wall. Nothing wilder or more picturesque can be imagined than these high steep rocks, covered all over with the nests of various sea birds, which divide the space between themselves according to their dispositions and needs. Here the little cormorant has taken possession of the caves and clefts; there the oyster-fishes sit in groups of twenty or thirty on the rocks of the bank; while the sea-parrots hold the middle regions of the rock, and the different sorts of gulls crown the heights. The great black cormorant alone seperates himself from the other birds, and has his nest on the highest part of some solitary rock; the little sea-swallows fly about everywhere, and often hover a minute, screaming anxiously, over the few tufts of grass in which they have laid their eggs.

Sailing towards this island over the calm sea, I admired the variety of this scene; I watched the instincts of these birds—I saw the sea-parrots fly off by hundreds and come back again the next minute to their eggs, which they had laid in holes three or four feet deep that they had themselves dug. At some distance from us a few robber-gulls amidst loud outcries were chasing the sea-swallows and gulls and taking away their booty; while some oyster-fishes were sitting motionless on the edge of a rock, with heads sunk watching the slow motions of some little muscle which fastened to the rock, opened itself at every lapping of the water. All around me was full of life, and wherever I looked, nothing was to be seen but birds. But grand as was this scene, it was nothing in comparison to that which presented itself to us when we had sailed around a point of rock, and I at last saw the famed "Holm of Noss." Before us arose a smooth perpendicular wall of rock over 800 feet high. At the right of the island stood a great rock of equal height—the so-called "Holm of Noss"—separated from the mainland by a channel some sixty feet wide. Through this channel we reached a little bay, or rather a bend of the coast, where a wonderful spectacle met our eyes.

The reader must imagine to himself the walls of the island and the Holm literally covered with the nests of birds, so that on the whole surface scarcely a square foot of naked rock was to be seen. No description can give a picture of it! Wherever I looked, there was nothing to be seen but long rows of nests, with their owners standing on their edges. Millions of birds were crossing each other in all directions: some flew off, others came back, others again swam, fished, dived, alone or with their young—all this in the midst of a noisy confusion of their various cries. The hoarse voices of some made a prolonged sound, like the heavy roar of the breakers. The shriller cries of sea-swallows and gulls—the screams of chasing robber gulls, the peculiar piercing, flute-like note of the oyster-fishes mingled in the strange concert. Long I staid here in the midst of this grand show. "See," whispered one of the boatmen to me, "these swarms of birds flying back and forth look like a snow-storm;" and the comparison was a good one. I fired my musket straight up into the air once, and killed three large gulls. But not again, for I felt that I could find no pleasure in taking the lives of these creatures, the sight of which, and their strange ways, had filled me with wonder and with unknown feelings. Before such a scene one feels for the first time rightly how beautiful and grand is the living nature around us. Then the soul rises, filled with admiration, to the sustainer of this mighty life, who has peopled, with such multitudinous living creations, even these lonely naked rocks, these uninhabited islands of the northern seas. Though I could never become tired watching and wondering, the time was flying, and the evening was coming on, so that at last I had to yield to the wishes of my boatman to return to Lerwick. I threw one last long look of parting over the whole scene, and then, driven by a strong wind, we reached the town in a few hours, where I arrived, my soul filled with the grand picture, whose remembrance even now calls back in me all of the beautiful and grand that the wild North presents. Some weeks later, when I came back to Lerwick from my travels farther north, I visited Noss again; but how changed was the scene! All was still and empty of life; the nests were abandoned and hung half destroyed by rain and wind; their owners had again sought, with their young, the sea, their true fatherland. No sound broke the silence, only now and then a gull flew over the island, and a single little bird uttered from time to time its monotonous note, like a mourning song.

Another circumstance has, perhaps, done more to make this place famous than the number of birds that breed there—I mean the "Cradle of Noss." Between the main island and the Holm, as I have remarked above, there is a channel 60 or 80 feet wide, which has apparently grown by degrees from a chasm in the rock, by the crumbling of the stone, and so has parted the Holm from the island. For a long time it was deemed impossible to climb the smooth walls of the Holm, and the Shetlanders had to give up the thought of ever making any use of the grass that grows on it, when, at length, a clever climber succeeded in reaching the top. By means of a cord he drew up a rope and some strung stakes fastened the latter in the earth, and tied his line to them, while the other end was in like manner made fast to the bank of the island opposite. This line, stretched across the water, serves as connection between the island and the rock. A kind of basket is hung on it, large and strong

enough to hold a man, who pulls himself along by his hands from one end to the other. The swaying of this cradle, over an abyss 800 feet deep, the cries of the birds which fly boldly around the intruder, and, above all, the danger in going and returning, make this aerial journey the most dangerous undertaking that can be thought of. By means of this cradle, from four to six sheep are carried upon the Holm, to graze there during the summer on the little grass which grows there. G. B

MANCHESTER MEN OF THE PERIOD.—Mr. Bryce of the Schools Enquiry Commission, in his very able special report on the state of education in Manchester says, that in Manchester, "mixed with self-complacent glorifications of material progress, may be heard an undertone of muttered complaint that things are, in some respects, degenerating. The generation (it is said) which made Manchester what it is, the vigorous, enterprising, public-spirited men, are dropping off, and have but few successors. * * * * The last generation, it is true, started with no greater advantages of culture than the present enjoys, but they sprang straight from the people, and had the strength of the people in their veins; they rose with the greatness of the city, and were filled with a spirit which comes only in times of change and rapid development, That burst of life is over, and though population and wealth increase, many of us lament that there is less interests in projects of public good; that even politics languish; that the gulf between rich and poor is every day widening; that employers and workpeople feel more bitterly towards each other; that the condition of the pauper class, if it grows no worse, grows at any rate no better." "I do not profess (adds Mr. Bryce) to judge how far these darker views represent the truth, but the passion for material comfort and display is too conspicuous for any one to doubt the importance of meeting and tempering it by the influence of higher tastes and studies."

ENGLISH DRAMATIC CRITICS.—The London correspondent of a New York paper, himself an American, remarks as follows in a recent letter: "the state of dramatic criticism in England is as wretched as possible. Utter failures are praised; great successes are denounced. Again and again have I seen almost the whole London Press extolling a piece which could not be kept on the boards—which even the shifting, good-natured audiences, made up of a floating population of idle sight-seers, would not go to see. And in four or five instances pieces that the Press has united to damn have had a run of months to crowded houses. The dramatic critics are a clique of Bohemians, who belong mostly to the same club, who fuse their opinions, are chiefly governed by human motives, follow their leaders, and judge of the fruit by the tree. I hold that a critic should never know an author, composer or artist. If possible he should not know his name or reputation. I would have title pages taken from books; composers' names from music, and he should see and judge of a picture without a catalogue. Nine persons in ten hesitate to give or even form an opinion until they have looked up the name. They might like and praise a work by some one who had not yet acquired a reputation. Anonymous literature and art would promote honest criticism. The dramatic critic should sternly decline to know author, manager, actor, and actress even, and utterly refuse to accept orders to have his name on the free list. He should pay for his seat in the pit, and not speak to any other critic until his own opinion was printed."

NOTE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.]

SIR,—Your article on Municipal Fish "out of Water" reminds me of a notice that I saw last Friday when in your city. It is over the fountain at the corner of the Town Hall, in Cross Street, and is to this effect:—"Any person taking water away from this fountain is liable to a heavy penalty." Query: What use is a fountain if the water is not to be taken away?—Yours, ON THE SQUARE.

Castle and Falcon,
London, Sept. 29, 1868.

THE SWIMMING RACES AT BELLE VUE.

AN article on Swimming and the Races at Belle Vue, appeared, as our readers will remember, in the *Sphinx* of September 5th. Mr. Jennison has called our attention to one or two remarks which he considers reflected unfairly upon his management of that popular place of resort. He says:—"On the day of the swimming we had very few visitors (comparatively). In fact, the swimming was fixed for the quietest day we could find. Such a thing as a person with trousers turned up, I question, was scarcely to be seen. Your reference to "one of the many ruses employed by the proprietor of Belle Vue is entirely without foundation, the greatest faith being invariably kept with the public." Mr. Jennison further repudiates the comparison incidentally instituted between the swimming races at Belle Vue, and the pedestrian meetings at Newton Heath. A careful reconsideration of the passages to which objection has thus been taken, compels us to admit that the comments were not warranted by the occasion. As a mere matter of justice to Mr. Jennison, we withdraw them, with the expression of our regret that we have given him any real cause for complaint.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for the Editor should be addressed to the *Sphinx* Office, 143 Deansgate, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

BACK NUMBERS of the *Sphinx* may be obtained on application to the Publisher, or by order from any Bookseller and Newsagent.

Business communications and advertisements should be addressed to Mr. JOHN HEYWOOD, 141 and 143, Deansgate, Manchester.

HENRY PYE.—The statement is accurate. Before the Crimean War a man was obliged to serve over twenty years; now he need only serve ten or twelve, as the case may be. His re-engagement is his own voluntary act.

CARLOWITZ,
22S. PER DOZEN.

This excellent Hungarian Wine is now greatly RECOMMENDED for its nourishing and sustaining properties. As we import it DIRECT from Hungary without any INTERMEDIATE AGENCY, and bottle it under OUR OWN personal inspection, purchasers can rely upon its genuineness.

VERMOUTH.—Finest Italian.

When we INTRODUCED this excellent BITTER WINE to the notice of the Public SOME YEARS ago, we brought it on in Bottle, but now being assured that we have made a market for it, we bring it on IN CASK, and Bottle it OURSELVES, thereby SAVING considerably in freight and other expenses, and enabling us to put it within the reach of a wider circle, by REDUCTION of PRICE.

We would respectfully solicit the attention of MEDICAL MEN to this article, and shall be glad to show them samples.

32S. PER DOZEN.

2S. 10D. PER BOTTLE.

JAMES SMITH AND COMPANY,
WINE MERCHANTS.
MANCHESTER: 26, MARKET-STREET.
LIVERPOOL: 11, LORD-STREET.
BIRMINGHAM: 28, HIGH-STREET.

UNDER THIRTY NINE (39), MARKET STREET, PURE WINES DRAWN FROM THE WOOD. **SECOND DOOR, CROMFORD COURT.**
Large Dock Sample Glass Sherry and Sandwich, 4d. Superior Stout or Ale and Sandwich, 3d.

HOTELS, RESTAURANTS, ETC.

BODEGA.

SPANISH WINE CELLARS,
(Under the New Stock Exchange,)
NEWMARKET STREET, CROSS STREET, MANCHESTER.

LARGE DOCK SAMPLE GLASSES
of thirty different SHERRIES (shipped direct from the first houses) may be tasted from the original package, at WHOLESALE PRICES, *i.e.*, same as by the bottle, dozen, and quarter cask.

ROEDERERS, CLICQUOTS, MOETS,
PERRIER JOUETS, GIESLERS,
AND EVERY NOTED CHAMPAGNE,
CHARGED PER SAMPLE BOTTLE AS PER DOZEN.

JOHN DEAN,
Manager.

THE TREVELYAN TEMPERANCE HOTEL,
CORPORATION STREET, MANCHESTER,
Is distinguished for possessing the quiet and comfort of home, with the convenience and facilities of a First-class Hotel.
THE TREVELYAN RESTAURANT.
Dinners from 12 to 3.
Leading Features—Good Articles, Good Cooking, and Cleanliness.
THE TREVELYAN TABLE DE HOTE.
1-30 p.m., Ladies and Gentlemen.
THE TREVELYAN SMOKE ROOM.
Well Ventilated—Good Coffee and Cigars.
THE TREVELYAN BILLIARD ROOM.
No Gambling or Betting Allowed.
The Trevelyan Hotel in all its appointments is second to no other hotel in Manchester.
JAMES COWEN, PROPRIETOR.

THE CONTINENTAL RESTAURANT,
99 & 101, OXFORD STREET, MANCHESTER.

LUNCHEON, DINNERS, AND SUPPERS.
First-class Service and the most moderate charges.
Exclusively for Gentlemen after 7 p.m.
The Original Wholesale Manufacturer of FRENCH and NEAPOLITAINE ICES, supplied to the principal Hotels, Confectioners, and Restaurants in Manchester.
N.B.—Public and Private Picnic Parties, Soirees, Balls, &c., supplied at a few hours' notice.
J. CAVARGNA, PROPRIETOR.

THOMAS'S CHOP AND SANDWICH ROOMS, ST. ANN'S PASSAGE,
ENTRANCE FROM
KING STREET, CROSS STREET,
AND ST. ANN'S SQUARE.
THOMAS STUDD, PROPRIETOR.
THIRTEEN YEARS WITH MR. BROWN.

MRS. CHARLESWORTH,
CHOP AND STEAK HOUSE,
35, CANNON STREET.

THE IRWELL DINING HALL,
33 AND 35, LONDON ROAD.
Dining off the Joint, Pudding and Vegetables included, for 6d. each—Try it.

ESTABLISHED 1830.

RETAIL PRICES.

5s. 6d.
7s.
10s. 6d.
16s.

PURE WATER FILTERS,
From 5s. 6d. to 5 Guineas.
SLATE CISTERNS, with or without Filters, as exhibited at the Great Exhibition, Hyde Park. 1851, Class 5, and also at the Great International Exhibition, 1862, Class 10. Estimates on application.

SLACK & BROWNLOW,
VICTORIA STREET.
Works: Upper Medlock Street, Hulme, Manchester.

BRITISH
IMPERIAL INSURANCE
CORPORATION,
LIMITED.
IMPORTANT AND VALUABLE IMPROVEMENT
ON THE
Old and Ordinary Plan of Insurance,
SPECIALLY PREPARED FOR THE CORPORATION,
BY
WILLIAM FARR, Esq., M.D., F.R.S., &c.,
Register-General's Office, Somerset House, London.

SELF-INSURANCE.

1.—Dr. FARR states—this new and valuable system of Insurance is particularly applicable to cases where a man wishes to provide a sum certain *for himself* at a given age, or to leave the same sum to his representatives in the event of any casualty to his own life before that age is attained.

2.—Thus by paying an annual premium of £3 10s. 2d. up to the age of 59 he secures £100 *for himself on his 60th birthday—or the same sum to his representatives* in the event of his premature death.

3.—Under this new and improved system, Insurance is shown in its true light—*as a safe mode of saving money, and accumulating a given capital at compound interest, without risk of losing it* by inability to pay an annual premium *even by untimely death.* The Insurant has *the chance* of gaining more than he gives—£100 sterling for instance, after having paid only *one, two, three, or more premiums*—and to realize this sum he may pay less, but will never pay more than 30 premiums. And he has lodged as his withdrawable stock account £22 12s. of stock at the end of *ten years*, £53 13s. of stock at the end of *twenty years*, and so on upon an increasing scale to £100 sterling due to him at the end of 30 years. Of the Government Stock to his account withdrawable he can obtain the value in cash in exchange for his Policy during any part of its term.

The detailed prospectus embracing the improved system of Life and Self Insurance may be obtained on application to the Secretary,

WILLIAM DAVIES,
At the Chief Offices, 81, King Street,
MANCHESTER.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

USE PRITCHARD'S TEETHING AND FEVER POWDERS. They are excellent for children from three months to twelve years, for fits, convulsions, restlessness, and irritation in cutting their teeth. Sold by all Chemists. Free 15 stamps.
67, CHORLTON ROAD, MANCHESTER.

PHILIP BARKER,
INSURANCE BROKER,
63, KING STREET.

LIFE GUARANTEE OF FIDELITY, & ACCIDENTAL ASSURANCE POLICIES, negotiated at the Lowest Rates with the Largest and Best Offices.
Prospectuses, &c., gratis, on application.

FURNITURE REMOVED IN LARGE COVERED VANS,
Or STORED in First-class Rooms, at Fixed Charges.
Particulars and testimonials forwarded on application.
30 and 32, Bath Street, Hulme,
JOSEPH BOOTH, Owner and Proprietor.

NEW INVENTION FOR RAPID WRITING.
Combined movement by the forearm and fingers. Dashing Style. Private Rooms.
SMART & CO., Academy, 5 and 7, St. Mary's Gate.

GROVER AND BAKER'S SEWING MACHINES, Highest Honours, Elastic Stitch.
GROVER AND BAKER'S SEWING MACHINES. The most complete. Lock Stitch
67, Oldham-street. Agent—J. HODGSON.

RUPTURES—EXHIBITION PRIZE MEDAL, 1862, was awarded to R. WESTBURY, Inventor and Sole Maker of the IMPERCEPTIBLE CURATIVE TRUSS. Deformity Instruments, Elastic Stockings, and other Invalid appliances.
26, OLD MILLGATE, MANCHESTER.

CONSTANTINE'S TURKISH BATHS, for Rheumatism and Colds.
CONSTANTINE'S RUSSIAN BATHS, for Rheumatism and Colds.
CONSTANTINE'S VAPOUR BATHS, for Rheumatism and Colds.
23, OXFORD STREET, ST. PETER'S.

JOHN CAVANAH,
HATTER, BOOTMAKER, & OUTFITTER,
"NUMBER ELEVEN," OXFORD STREET, (ST. PETER'S)
Agent for
LINCOLN & BENNETT'S and CHRISTY'S HATS.
Walking, Dress, and Sword Sticks, Canes, Umbrellas; Knapsacks, Portmanteaus, Valises, Satchels, Bags; Mackintoshes, Summer Overcoats, &c. in great variety.

BILLIARDS! BILLIARDS! BILLIARDS!
EXCHANGE BILLIARD ROOMS are NOW OPEN, under new management, and are fitted up with two of Burroughs and Watts' New Tables.—26, Market-street, entrance opposite Thatched House.—THOS. GORTON, Proprietor.

ENGLISH AND FOREIGN LIBRARY COMPANY, LIMITED.—Manchester Branch, 25, Corporation-street, near Ducie Bridge.—Single Subscription, £1 1s. for newest works, second class 10s. 6d., for two vols. recent works, changed at pleasure. Surplus books for sale at reduced prices.
Lists, &c., post free.
H. WOOD, Sole Agent.

THE QUEEN OF ALL INKS,
IS Non-Corrosive—Is the Best Copying Ink.
R. BAILEY WALKER,
19, OLD CORN EXCHANGE,
Agent for the Book Keepers' Hand-rest, the Home Gymnasium, the Chest Exercises &c., &c.

SALFORD CARRIAGE WORKS,
GORE STREET, NEW BAILEY.
Carriages and Light Traps Repaired and Painted in first-class style and finish. Estimates given for new work or jobbing.

J. WOOLFENDEN, HATTER, &c., 152, Stretford Road.

ALEXANDRA. THE MANCHESTER MUSIC HALL, PETER STREET. A 1 ENTERTAINMENT. EVERY EVENING, 7-30. Admission. 6d. and 1s.

REPRESENTATION OF MANCHESTER,
Mr. MITCHELL HENRY'S COMMITTEE SIT DAILY, at 82, Market-street. Gentlemen desirous of joining the Committee are respectfully requested to forward their names to the Honorary Secretary.
H. B. JACKSON, Chairman.
CHARLES DURHAM, } Vice Chairmen.
C. P. HENDERSON, }
J. NIELD, Honorary Secretary.

POMONA GARDENS.
HIGHAM'S MILITARY BAND
will play for Dancing
on the
MONSTER PLATFORM
Every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND SATURDAY,
Commencing at Three o'clock.
Admission, 6d.
Other Days and Sundays, 3d.

CAN YOU SWIM? Yes. Who Taught You? Professor BECK, on the Patent Machinery, at the Manchester Swimming School, Barrack-st., Hulme.

PEOPLE'S CONCERT HALL,
LOWER MOSSLEY STREET, MANCHESTER.
ON MONDAY NEXT, OCTOBER 5th, 1868,
First Appearance of the Celebrated LOUIS LEGLERE and SONS, the Accomplished Acrobats.
First Appearance of Mr. & Mrs. DUVAL, Comic Duettists and Burlesque Actors.
For Six Nights Only, Messrs. HILDERBRANDT and ORMOND, the Great Negro Comedians, Comic Burlesques and Grotesque Dancers.
First Appearance of Mr. HARRY MUNROE, the Great Comic Vocalist and Dancer.
Messrs. G. CONNELLY and WILMOTT, Comic Duettists.
Immense Success of the SISTERS VENN, in their Comic Duetts and Dances.
Successful Appearance of Miss C. CHAMBERS, Serio-Comic Vocalist.
Director of the Entertainments - - Mr. Thomas Acton.

CAUTION—ADULTERATED TOBACCO
In consequence of the recent seizures of Adulterated Tobacco, and the conviction of wholesale dealers and retailers in Sheffield, Leeds, Manchester, and other towns, in the mitigated penalty of £50 in each case, the Executors of WILLIAM HARGRAVES feel it their duty to inform their numerous customers that all Tobacco sold by them (including Irish Roll), is Guaranteed Perfectly Genuine, and Free from Adulteration of any kind.
Tobacco and Cigar Manufactory, 44, Swan-street, and 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10, Mason-st., Manchester.
Established 1833.

NOW OPEN.
THE CITY BOOT AND SHOE HALL,
132, DEANSGATE, MANCHESTER,
Near Bridge-street.
The Leicester and Northampton Boot and Shoe Company having taken the above premises, are now offering Boots and Shoes at such prices as were never before offered to the public of Manchester.
5,000 Pairs Ladies' Elastic Side Boots from 2s. 9d.
6,500 Pairs Gent's Elastic Side Boots from 4s. 11d.
500 Pairs Elastic Slippers from 6½d.
Children's Boots and Shoes at astonishing low prices.
See Handbills for full List of Prices.
THE ONLY PLACE WHERE YOU CAN PURCHASE SINGLE PAIRS at WHOLESALE PRICES
is the
CITY BOOT AND SHOE HALL,
132, DEANSGATE, MANCHESTER.

SUCCESSFULLY RE-OPENED,
NO. 6, ST. MARY'S-GATE,
(Late Nowell's.)
BEST RESTAURANT IN ENGLAND.
Breakfasts, from 5 a.m.; Dinners, from 12 to 3 p.m.
Tea, Coffee, Chops, Steaks, &c.
Soups and Cold Collation throughout the day.
Wines, Spirits, Ale, and Stout of the best quality.
Quick service.
PRICES:
Sandwiches, from 1d. to 4d.
Sausage and Mashed Potatoes (from 10 till 12) and Glass of Beer, 6d.
Pastry, 3d.
Soups, 6d.
Fish, 9d. and 1s.
Joints, 9d. and 1s.
Celery and Cheese, 3d.
Salad and Cheese, 3d.
Tea, Chops, or Cold Meats, and Bread and Butter or Toast, 11d.
Plain Tea, 5d.
Dinner Chops or Steaks, with Vegetables and Bread (in four minutes), 1s.
Small ditto, 9d.

OSWEGO
PREPARED
CORN,
MANUFACTURED BY
T. KINGSFORD AND SON,
At OSWEGO, State of New York, U.S.
FOR
PUDDINGS, CUSTARDS
BLANC MANGE,
ICE CREAM, &c.,
AND FOR
INFANTS' and INVALIDS' FOOD.
It is invaluable (prepared the same as arrowroot), the Oswego Corn being an excellent substitute.

CAUTION.
NO OTHER HAS THE RIGHT TO THE TITLE OF ORIGINAL, EITHER IN ENGLAND OR AMERICA, AND ONLY PARTIES WISHING TO DECEIVE THE PUBLIC WILL USE IT.

AGENT—R. E. LAZONBY,
2, CHINA LANE, PICCADILLY,
MANCHESTER.

LAZONBY'S
PREMIER SOAP.

LAZONBY'S
PREMIER SOAP.

LAZONBY'S
PREMIER SOAP.

19 0068

LAZONBY'S
PREMIER SOAP.

THE ENGLISH ASSURANCE COMPANY.
Chief Offices, Palmerston Buildings, London.
MANCHESTER OFFICES:
BRIDGEWATER CLUB CHAMBERS, KING STREET.
LOCAL DIRECTORS:
ROBERT NEILL, Esq., Mayor of Manchester.
John King, Esq. (Alderman), Cotton Spinner, Chepstow Street Mills, Manchester.
Joseph Simpson, Esq. (Messrs. Simpson, Thompson & Co.), Crumpsall Mills, and Fountain Street, Manchester.
BANKERS—Consolidated Bank, Limited.
FIRE DEPARTMENT.
Rates of Premium and Conditions.—The rates will be found fully as moderate as those charged by other first class companies. The English is not bound by the restrictions of the combined offices.
LIFE DEPARTMENT.
Moderate Premiums. Fixed and liberal surrender values of not less than 35 per cent.—A few Agencies vacant.—Apply to
WM. WHITTENBURY, Resident Secretary, Manchester.

MATHER'S
ORIENTAL ROSE CREAM,
EXTRACTED FROM THE CHOICEST ROSE LEAVES,
Removes Scurf, strengthens and imparts a gloss (without the use of Pomades) to the Hair, and prevents Baldness, even restoring the growth in many cases which appear hopeless.
Sold by all Chemists, in bottles, at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. each. Twelve bottles sent, carriage paid, on receipt of 12s. in stamps.
WILLIAM MATHER,
14, Bath Street, Newgate Street, London, E.C.; 10 Hanging Ditch, and 109, Chester Road, Manchester.

S. STUDD,
PROPRIETOR OF
THOMAS'S LONDON CHOP HOUSE,
COCKPIT HILL,
Begs to give notice that on and after this date his house will be called "Sam's London Chop House."—Sept. 25.

SAM'S LONDON CHOP HOUSE,
COCKPIT HILL,
BEHIND THE 'BUS OFFICE, MARKET STREET.
S. STUDD, Proprietor.

MRS. J. B. LEECH,
(LATE OF 12, STRETFORD ROAD,)
HAUNCH OF VENISON,
DALE STREET, MANCHESTER.
Choice Wines and Spirits, Cigars, &c. An Ordinary daily, at a Quarter-past One.

MANCHESTER AND SALFORD DISCHARGED PRISONERS' AID SOCIETY.
A donation of £5 from "a Friend of the late Ernest Rouss, Esq.," is gratefully acknowledged.
A. ASPLAND, } Hon Secs.
H. C. OATS, }

THE SPHINX.—Office for Advertisements, 14, Market-place. Hours of Attendance, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Communications should be addressed to the Manager.

Established] GUTTENBERG [1817.
PRINTING & STATIONERY WORKS,
ELLOR-STREET, PENDLETON.
JAMES F. WILKINSON,
(late of Oxford-street, Manchester), is prepared to execute every description of
LETTERPRESS, LITHOGRAPHIC, AND COPPERPLATE PRINTING.
CORPORATE, LITERARY, RAILWAY, AND BANKING PRINTER.
STATIONERY, ACCOUNT BOOKS, &c.
Town Office, 21, BRIDGEWATER CHAMBERS, opposite the General Post-Office, Brown-street, Manchester.
PRINTER IN COLOURS.

MANCHESTER.—Printed and Published for the Proprietors by JOHN HEYWOOD, of 141 and 143, Deansgate, in the parish of Manchester, and of Blanche Villa, Edge Lane, in the parish of Stretford. Saturday, Oct. 3, 1868

INDIAN RUBBER, Sheet, Valves, Washers, Hose, Belting, Packing. 11, Corporation-street, Manchester. H. STATHAM & CO.